At Sounion

of a morning woven over stone,
I bump camera then smock. We

share a fog wherein I balk, simply
not aspiring to the ethereal

photographs proposed: me a-
gainst nothing! Mr Stavros, he of
lemon smock, is there-
fore ticked at me: it

rises as a litany to his
imagined sun. I jab
along the fallen, slippery rocks
for cooler idioms, final-

ly to divine lovers (Byron's one)
who have scratched their hearts to
ruins. Spooners often weave through
our academies, shunning

all the moves to set their dreaming
steps to music more felicitous.

Or so I later feel with ouzo
in the shivering cafe
before sun rockets through

and temple can assert in flame
to wave on wave of rain

the wisdom of arrangement past
this opalescent glass.